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TIMOUR THE TARTAR;

Taken down to P. Heber
By B. Minnich
 Grand Romantic Melo Drama,

V18494

IN TWO ACTS.

12.272

M. G. LEWIS.

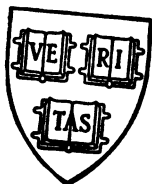
"I see them galloping! I see them galloping!"
 BLUE BEARD.

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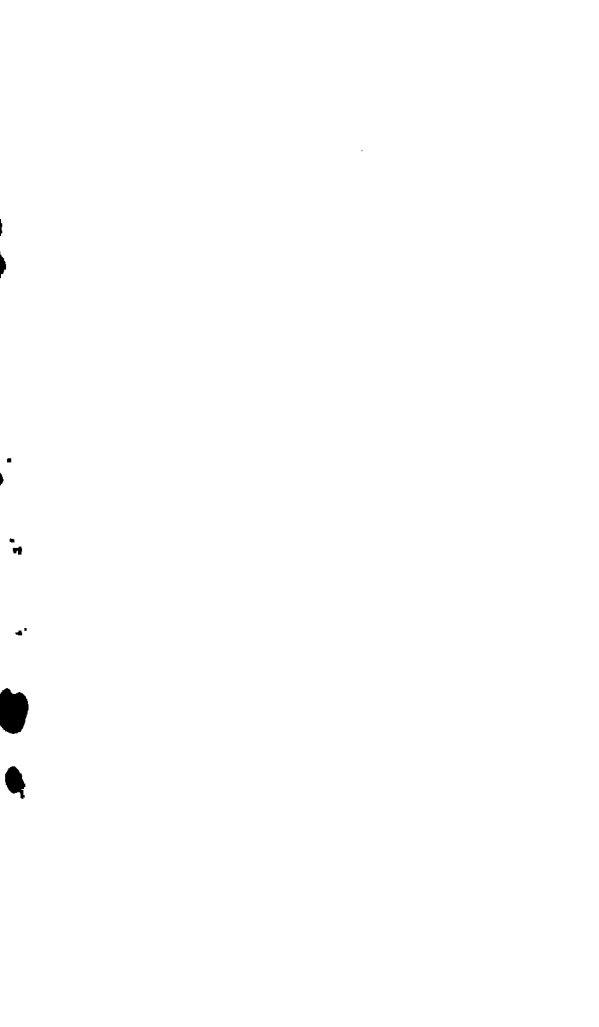
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Timour,</i>	-----	Mr. Simpson.
<i>Agib,</i>	-----	Miss Brundige.
<i>Bermeddin,</i>	-----	Mr. Bancker.
<i>Abdalac,</i>	-----	Mr. Nexsen.
<i>Octar,</i>	-----	Mr. Broad.
<i>Kerim,</i>	-----	Mr. Parker.
<i>Sanhallat,</i>	-----	Mr. Blyth.
<i>Orasmin,</i>	-----	Mr. Wheatley.
<i>Oglou,</i>	-----	Mr. Kent.
<i>Tartars,</i>	-----	
<i>Georgians</i>	-----	
<i>Zorilda,</i>	-----	Miss Johnson.
<i>Selima,</i>	-----	Miss Placide.
<i>Liska</i>	-----	Mrs. Bancker.

Attendants and Dancers.



TIMOUR THE TARTAR.

ACT I.

Curtain up slow.

SCENE I.—*The interior of a fortress, with a bridge in the back ground—on one side appears a tower, R. H. 2d E. supposed to serve as a state prison—daybreak.*

OGLOU enters from a low gate in the wall, L. H. 2d E. looks round cautiously, advances to the tower, and claps his hands thrice.

Oglou. Hist! Agib!—prince Agib!—he answers not!—can he be sleeping—or are the guards awake? shall I repeat the signal?—I'm half afraid!—oh! that I were but still a shepherd, and subject only to a shepherd's fears! yet once again I'll venture; if that fails! [*He claps his hands again—AGIB appears on the battlements of the tower, R. H. 2d E.*] *+ music*

Agib. Oh! my kind gaoler! are you then come at last?—may I descend?

Oglou. Are your guards secure?

Agib. Fear not; they sleep soundly.

Oglou. Then for a few moments come down, and come quickly—softly! softly!—[AGIB disappears, OGLOU unlocks the tower grating, R. H. 2d E.] there, pretty bird; the door of your cage is open—ha! daybreak?—then it's but for a few moments indeed, that my princely captive must enjoy his liberty. Now shame on my old drowsy pate, for sleeping away those hours, which I might have employed in lightening a heavy heart. *music*

AGIB enters, door R. H. 2d E. and embraces OGLOU, who kneels and kisses his hand.

Agib. Oh! good, good Oglou, why did you tarry so long?—if you knew, how mournful it is to sit and watch the pale expiring lamp—to hear no sounds but the murmurs of my dreaming guards—to see no object but dungeon-walls, and the faces of iron-hearted men—and still to turn and turn the sand glass—and still to wait and to wait for one, who comes not!—

Oglou. Alack, pretty prince! I can well believe it!

Agib. 'Tis to you, that I owe my every little comfort! if ever my fevered lips drink one breath of pure sweet air—if ever my fettered limbs enjoy one wholesome hour of exercise—if I have health—if I have life itself—all is *your* gift! since I became your son's captive, no eye has looked on me with mercy—save *yours*: no voice has spoken to me with kindness—save *yours*, *yours* only!

Oglou. [*Interrupting him, and dashing away a tear.*] No more! no more!

Agib. Now then, when *you* too seemed to forget the poor prisoner—Oglou, from the moment I heard that my father was slain by Timour, that I was myself a captive, and should never see my mother more—from that moment, Oglou, never did I shed one tear—but to-night, when still you came not—and when I began to think, that you would come no more—oh! then my heart felt so sad, so hollow, and so painful; and my courage failed me, Oglou, and I wept—oh! bitterly, bitterly!—good friend, have mercy for the future; never make me suffer again, what I have this night suffered!

Oglou. I suffer as much to hear you say so!—trust me, sweet lad, my very heart bleeds for you; and you know well, I only consented to act as governor of this fortress, that I might be enabled to lighten the weight of your chains—but the fact is, that last night my dear terrible son held a grand carousal in

honour of his approaching nuptials: I dared not absent myself, and he detained us so late —

Agib. Dare not!—Oglou, is he not your son?

Oglou. Um! for a man who prides himself on his veracity, that's rather a ticklish question to answer—to be sure, his mother told me so—ah! and my own heart tells it me still more loudly!

Agib. And what then can a father fear?

Oglou. Why, you see, ~~my~~ son—isn't like other people's sons—oh! prince, if you knew, what a terrible mortal it is! his very speaking to me gives me a fit of the ague; and I never leave his presence without shaking my head, to be certain that it still sits tight between my shoulders.

Agib. Indeed? then he loves you not?

Oglou. Yes; yes! he loves me well enough—only it's after a fashion of his own: he'd kill me first, and be very sorry for it afterwards. Now to be sure, that would be mighty amiable in him; but if my head were once fairly off, I doubt much whether all his regrets would be able to make it stick on again—nay, at this moment I'm not at my ease, I promise you. Were Timour to know that while your guards sleep, I suffer you to leave your dungeon, I warrant, in the next half hour it would be all so—[*Making the motion of cutting his throat.*] or so, with me!—[*Making the motion of strangling.*]

Agib. Horrible! what! his father?

Oglou. Why, the truth is, that in the first impulse of his fury, my dear terrible son spares neither friend nor foe, neither men, women, nor children; and ~~unluckily~~ he's so used to those little colloquial phrases of—"string me up those miscreants!"—"strike me off those heads!"—and—"squeeze me together those wind-pipes!"—that they pop upon his lips on all occasions, and come so trippingly off his tongue, that it's a perfect wonder to hear him.

Agib. The monster!

Oglou. And yet, in spite of all his vices, I doat

upon him still! nay, 'tis this affection alone, which prevents my flying with you this moment to your widowed mother. But I cannot abandon my son; and should I suffer you to escape without me, his vengeance—no, no; I dare not!—yet all that I dare do, I will. Time flies! let us to the business which brought me hither. The letter for your mother—

Agib. [*Giving it.*] 'Tis here—you will convey it?

Oglou. For my success I'll not answer; but depend on my zeal—yet tell me; this letter may be intercepted; should it contain —

Agib. Oh! no! indeed, I have been cautious! I've only told my mother, that I am well, but not that I am wretched! I've only said that I think of her all day, that I dream of her all night, that she is the only being in the world, whom I love—except one—but fear not, good Oglou; I've not mentioned who that one is!—[*The sun appears.*]

Oglou. Good! good! but see! the sun rises! your guards may wake: you may be seen from the battlements. Dear Agib, you must return to your tower.

Agib. To my melancholy tower!

Oglou. Now plagues upon me for waking so late! but to-morrow—hark! footsteps! away!

Agib. So soon? nay, chide not! I obey! farewell, then, pleasant air! and glorious sunshine! and thou too, gay, lovely, happy world, farewell! now then I go, dear Oglou! go once more to my dungeon's darkness! go to form day-dreams of liberty, and pray for you! farewell, 'till night, farewell! X
[*He re-enters the tower, R. H. 2d E.*]

Oglou. [*Locking the grate.*]—The little rogue! he'll certainly tempt me some time to release him; and if once I open his prison-doors, I'm persuaded, the next thing opened, will be my own wind-pipe. Surely. I heard footsteps? *Music*

[LISKA, *singing without*, L. H. 1st E.]

Then showed the king, a costly ring,

Set with a precious jewel.

The maid, she blush'd ; her fears were hush'd ;

Quoth she—"I can't be cruel."—

Oglou. Oh! it's only my daughter. *Musical*

[LISKA, *continuing her song*.]

And golden store, and jewels, more

Than I can tell, he brought her :

So now she's seen to shine a queen,

Though born a shepherd's daughter.

Enter LISKA, L. H. 1st E.

Oglou. Now, Liska! what brings you abroad so early?

Liska. Truly, father, I could not sleep for thinking of all those fine plans that his highness, my brother, was laying down last night. Such conquests, and such changes! such pulling down kingdoms in *this* quarter, and building up others in *that*! well! lucky was the day when the Tartars came to our cottage, and showed us in their chief the son of the shepherd, Oglou.

Oglou. A lucky day? girl, 'twas the saddest of my life, for it showed me in my long-lost darling, my sovereign's murderer, and the oppressor of my country. The virtuous prince of Mingrelia fell by Timour's sword; his widow is a fugitive; his son languishes in prison, and only owes his life to the consciousness, that his mother and her friends must remain inactive, while the child is in the usurper's power... 'Twere better to have lost my son for ever, than have found him such; 'twere better never to hear him named, than only hear him named with curses.

Liska. Well, father; at least you'll not deny, that his highness, my brother, is a mighty conqueror, and a very great man!

Oglou. True, child; true; but I'd rather have had him a good one.

Liska. [*Affectedly.*] Lord, father, you've no soul for heroism! now, for my part, I doat upon a hero; and therefore I'm quite dying for the arrival of my brother's intended bride, of this "warrior princess," as they call her. They say, she's an absolute amazon; heads her father's armies, rides the great horse, fights battles, swims rivers, and shoots flying. Now who knows but under her direction, father, who knows but I may turn out a heroine myself?

Oglou. And you'll swim and shoot flying too, will you? the girl's distracted!

Liska. I'm certain, we shall be congenial souls; and to tell you a secret, father, I always thought that destiny designed me to be a great woman!

Oglou. Indeed!—then destiny and nature must have had very different intentions.

Liska. Even when I was a cottager, you know, I always carried my head high.

Oglou. That you did: three feet from the ground at the very lowest.

Liska. And moreover, his highness, my brother, has already announced that he means to marry me to the very first king he can catch! though indeed I don't mean to take the first that offers: no! I'll wait 'till I see princes, emperors, and sultans bowing down by dozens to my highness's footstool.

Oglou. Then pray take care, that your highness's footstool is a very lofty one, or the poor princes will have so far to stoop, they'll infallibly dislocate some of their illustrious back-bones.

Liska. La! father, how can you snub one so! I wonder, living at court hasn't taught you how rude it is to talk of one's *figure* to one's *face*. Besides, I'd have you to know, that beauty do'n't consist in immensity of size, but in exquisite proportion; and without being seven feet high, a woman may display a vast deal of grace and dignity.—But to hear you talk, because I happen not to be absolutely a

giantess, for which heaven be thanked! one would really think that I were actually under-sized! [*Walking about conceitedly.*]

Oglou. Mad! vanity-mad!—Liska, Liska! you once had a heart, kind, grateful, humane!

Liska. It's unchanged, father; but still—

Oglou. Then how can you forget, that the throne, which your brother has usurped, belongs to the son of her, to whom we both owe our existence? we were in sickness, in poverty, without help, without hope, when chance led to my hut the mother of yon little captive. Though we were but peasants, and she was Mingrelia's princess, she disdained not to fulfil the humblest duties of humanity—yet, now, ungrateful girl—[*Trumpets and cymbals, R. H. U. E.*]

Enter BERMEDDIN, R. H. U. E. through gate.

Bermed. His highness approaches.

Oglou. Does his highness?—then my lowliness shall get out of his way as fast as possible.

Liska. And trust me, father, I'll not stay behind; for though his highness is my own brother, I'm always so frightened in his presence—[*Trumpets again, R. H. U. E.*]—here he comes! then here I go.

[*Exit running, L. H.*

Oglou. Away, girl; I'll not be long after you!—mercy on me! of what materials must that man be framed, whose nearest and dearest relations are compelled to fly in terror from his presence. *Muscle*

[*Exit, R. H. 1st E.*

TIMOUR, holding papers, enters hastily, R. H. U. E. through gate, with Tartars.

Tim. What? is't possible!—dare then the slaves but whisper a wish for freedom?—holds Mingrelia still a wretch so desperate, that when I trample him, the worm dares turn? look! look Bermeddin! a plot! a plot against my life! with the blood of their chiefs have I deluged my scaffolds; with the blaze of their burning towns have I crimsoned the

heavens; and have I still left them spirit enough to groan? go! bear my orders for instant vengeance: to death with the assassins; and from henceforth, whoever mentions Agib's name, though but in prayers, 'tis sufficient; wait for no orders;—off with their heads!—begone!—[*A Tartar goes off.*] now, Bermeddin—wait the two rival chiefs?

Bermed. They attend your summons.

Tim. Let them approach.

KERIM and SANBALLAT enter R. H. U. E. through gate, each holding a hand of SELIMA, who is veiled—they pay their homage.

Tim. Now, gallant chieftains; your feuds distract my coast and army, and my service demands, that your strife should cease. Is that the Circassian captive, whose possession you so ardently dispute?—[*SELIMA, unveiling, kneels, and implores his protection.*]—both have rendered me good service; gladly would I preserve the lives of both. Let one then resign the maid, and be himself the awarder of her ransom: my treasure shall defray it—[*Both express their love for SELIMA, who seems terrified at their violence—they demand the combat.*] then be it so; the combat must decide your claims. In twelve hours meet on this spot; hither will I conduct the captive, and let the best sword win her.—*Guards*, lead her to the fortress!—chieftains, withdraw!—[*They express joy, exchange pledges, threaten each other, and depart after taking leave of SELIMA, who is led into the fortress, L. H. 3d E.*]—No news yet of my Georgian bride?—this tardy Octar!—how must he loiter with his illustrious charge!

Bermed. How would he wonder at the impatience which that delay creates! has then at length the heart of Timour learnt to love?

Tim. To love?—away!—it's true, report speaks this warrior-princess fair beyond the race of women: but the choicest flowers of Asia have bloomed with-

in my harem, yet never charmed me beyond an idle hour—they pleased my senses; I gathered, and I threw away!

Bermed. This eagerness then —

Tim. Regards not the woman, [but Georgia's heiress. Her daring mind, her martial talents can alone obstruct my progress; and her father's power, if employed in Agib's cause, might wrest Mingrelia from my grasp—but she once mine, what glorious, what boundless visions blaze on my enraptured eye?

Bermed. It's true—possessing the diadems both of Georgia and Mingrelia —

Tim. Of Georgia and Mingrelia? of Asia! of the world!—Tartary, China, India—these are but steps, on which I'll raise the towering column of my greatness! no single kingdom exists, which I would *deign* to rule: a hundred thrones must be dashed in pieces, and I'll form with their ruins one throne that's worthy me!—[*The bugle sounds.*]

Bermed. The sentinel gives the appointed signal—and see! 'tis Abdalec.

ABDALEC enters, from R. H. on bridge.

Abdal. Illustrious lord! —

Tim. Speak!—the warrior princess —

Abdal. From hence you may discern her escort.

Tim. 'Tis well—but wherefore came not Octar forward?

Abdal. Illness, which detains him at the Georgian court, forbad—[*March at a distance, R. H. U. E.*]

Bermed. I hear the trampling of horses.

Tim. 'Tis the princess!—chiefs, to your stations, and receive her with all honours.

The Tartars arrive on horseback, conducting ZORILDA, dressed as an Amazon, holding an arrow, and wearing a quiver, over bridge and through gate, L. H. U. E. She is mounted on a courser richly caparisoned, and attended by four African boys in golden chains, and holding fans of painted sea-

thers—two of them prostrate themselves—the others throw a tapestry over them—the courser kneels, and she steps on the slaves to dismount, ABDALEC giving her his hand—the horses withdraw, after paying their homage to TIMOUR.

Tim. [In the greatest surprise and admiration.]—'Tis some vision—some enchantment!—princess—my bride—my sovereign! [Kneeling.]

Zoril. Nay, rise, prince, rise! a union formed like ours, admits no flattery!—you have sought me unseen, unknown, for I am Georgia's heiress; I seek in you the conqueror of Mingrelia, for I fain would see the victor vanquished by me.—Timour, by my father's commands, I come to be your bride —

Tim. And could the universe —

Zoril. Hold!—your bride on one condition—you term yourself Mingrelia's sovereign —

Tim. Term myself? and such I am!

Zoril. Are not—while Agib lives.

Tim. Indeed? then Agib dies ere sunset.

Zoril. And in that instant will his mother's friends rush to arms, and all Mingrelia burst into rebellion—no, prince: your interest requires that the boy should live, but mine that he should lose all hopes of escaping.

Tim. All hopes are lost to him—safe in yon tower—

Zoril. [With interest.]—That tower?—and is it there, then—? that tower?—it may be scaled; his gaolers may be bribed—

Tim. My father has the keys; who can keep him safer?

Zoril. That can mine!—Teflis has dungeons no strength can force, no art discover; and in their depths must the boy be buried! then indeed may you call Mingrelia's diadem your own, and claim as a sovereign the hand of Georgia's heiress!—how?—you doubt?—I have declared my pleasure, and

you hesitate to obey?—then mark me Timour! Agib must be the prince of Georgia's captive, or never shalt thou be the prince of Georgia's son! with to-morrow's dawn the boy departs for Teflis—or I do!

Tim. So peremptory! haughty lady—yet even in scorn how beauteous!—hear me; and ere you answer, reflect where you are, and who *I* am!—you will depart? first ask my pleasure! this fortress is mine! these guards are mine!—you are in my power —

Zoril. Your power?—oh! no! who wears a dagger and dares use it, can never be in the power of man!—*I* in your power, *ha!* do I live to hear that menace!—speak it but again, Timour! speak but those words again, and that instant I'll sheathe this javelin in your heart, or, failing to reach that, in my own!

Tim. Amazement! am I really Timour? where is his pride, his storm of fury, his sense of insult? I rage, yet I adore! she tramples on my heart, and I kiss the foot which spurns me!—princess—proud, charming princess—say what thou wilt; do what thou wilt; dispose of the boy, of my subjects, of myself! never ~~did~~ now did I dread the frown of mortal; never 'till now did I know what beauty was!

Zoril. Ha! the boy then—

Tim. Sets forth to-morrow.

Zoril. Abdalec is wary; under his guard—

Tim. Be it so—*ho!* Abdalec!—[ABDALEC advances, and while TIMOUR and ZORILDA give their orders, OGLOU enters, R. H. 1st E.]

—*Oglou.* I couldn't come here more unwillingly, if instead of coming to see my daughter-in-law, I were coming to see my wife!—I never saw a fighting princess in all my life, and what to say—faith, there she is!—I have a great mind to run away again—but if I don't welcome his bride, my dear terrible son may fly into one of his tantrums, and

any thing's better than that. Hist! Berneddin!—this princess—is she civil? good-natured?

Berned. Civil?—you've heard of the pride of Lucifer?

Oglou. What?—by the head of my fathers, then I'm gone!

Berned. [*Detaining him.*]—No, no! the prince sees you! he beckons you.

Oglou. Then I'm in for it—what shall I say?—how shall I begin?—your highness—I hope—I rejoice—

Tim. Princess—'tis my father.

Zoril. [*Turning round haughtily.*] Your father?—where?—ha!—[*Starting.*] *music*

Oglou. Yes—who comes, your high—ha!—can I believe my eyes?—is it possible?

Zoril. Oglou here?—Oglou his father? undone! betrayed! [*These speeches are spoken together.*]

Oglou. Why, do I really see the princess of—

Zoril. [*Interrupting him eagerly.*] Of Georgia!

Oglou. [*Bewildered.*]—Of Georgia?

Zoril. Yes, good Oglou! yes, 'tis even so!—'tis the princess of Georgia—'tis she who saved your life!—remember that, oh! remember it.

Tim. His life?

Zoril. Yes, prince; a service, which it now is in his power to repay.

Oglou. [*Eagerly.*] How! by what?

Zoril. [*Imploringly.*] Silence!—[*Then haughtily.*] silence, I say!

Oglou. [*Aside.*] By silence?

Zoril. When I deign to speak, silence may well become the best and proudest.

Oglou. I see—I guess—lady, you shall be obeyed—lady—[*Expressively.*] I will be silent.—[*ZORILDA, unseen by TIMOUR, expresses her gratitude.*]

Tim. Princess, you saved his life? how? when?

Zoril. The tale were tedious.—He fell among robbers—I heard his cries—I flew with my war-

riors to his rescue—I saved his life—[To OGLOU.]
you forget it not?

—Oglou. When I do, lady, may heaven forget me!

Tim. You have explained his obligations; but
“repay them,”—how can he repay them?

Zoril. [*Graciously.*]—By showing kindness to
your wife—who then will be his daughter—[Ti-
mour seems delighted with her answer.]—but said
you not, prince, that your father was Agib’s guar-
dian?

—Oglou. And he said truly, lady.

Zoril. Look to the boy well!—should he escape
—[To OGLOU.]

—Oglou. I warrant you! I have kept him safe
hitherto, and shall take double care of him, since I
know that he interests you.

Zoril. Be not too secure; freedom is sweet, and
bondage is ingenious. Pines he not much for li-
berty?

—Oglou. He pines for his mother more.

Zoril. Indeed?—speaks he of her often?

—Oglou. Of little else! her virtues, her affection,
are forever on his lips. Nay; ’twas but yesterday,
that he prest me so earnestly to convey to her a
letter—

Zoril. A letter?

—Oglou. That at last I even took it, and promi-
sed—

Tim. [*Angrily.*]—To transmit it?

—Oglou. Yes, I promised; but promise is one
thing, and performance is another.

Tim. You took it?—produce it!

—Oglou. You’d like to see it?

Tim. This instant!

—Oglou. Bless me, how unlucky! I’ve destroyed
it.—[TIMOUR looks angry.]

Zoril. ’Twas wisely done—your charge will
soon expire; to-morrow, this dangerous boy departs
for Teflis. Till then, keep upon him still a watch-
ful eye, and to requite your care, good Oglou,

wear for my sake this jewelled rosary—should more letters be offered—

Oglou. [*Kneeling, that she may throw the chain round his neck.*] Oh! depend on my vigilance, lady: his mother's no more likely to get any of his letters through me—than you are yourself, lady—
[*He gives her the letter—when TIMOUR suddenly turns from BERMEDDIN, who had addressed him.*]

Zoril. [*Concealing the letter hastily.*] Ha!—did he observe —

Tim. Princess—how? you tremble? you change colour?

Zoril. Fatigue—the heat—a sudden faintness—

Tim. Let us to the fortress!—Bermeddin!—
[*Her courser is brought forward.*]

Zoril. Willingly—farewell, good Oglou—[*Expressively.*]—let us soon meet again!—and for that boy—guard him well!

Oglou. [*Pressing his hand on his heart.*] Lady, in my custody, he's safe as in your own.

Zoril. [*Gratefully.*—'Tis enough—[*Assuming her dignity.*—prince, I attend you!—[*She mounts her courser, TIMOUR holding the rein, and departs, L. H. and round over bridge—OGLOU goes off, expressing that his ideas are still bewildered—the scene shuts.*]

SCENE II.—The castle-battlements.

Enter SELIMA and LISKA, L. H.

Liska. Nay, pr'ythee, dear Selima, take comfort! I protest, were I in your place, and were two mighty chiefs on the point of cutting each other's throats in honour of my bright eyes, instead of complaining, I should think it uncommonly polite in them. Come! come! be composed.

Selima. Impossible.—Liska, on the issue of this combat depends my happiness, my life!

Liska. Your life? bless me, no, child; you quite

mistake the matter. Why, it's not with *you*, that the chieftains are going to fight?

Selima. And yet this combat involves my life, for mine depends on Kerim's.

Liska. And for your sake, sweet Selima, Kerim shall have all my good wishes. Yet let the worst happen, to marry the valiant Sanballat would be no such great misfortune, for—

Selima. Ah! Liska, *you* have never loved!

Liska. Oh! fie, to be sure not!—love would be quite beneath my dignity! none but the vulgar are allowed to marry for love; but we who happen to be distinguished for rank or beauty, must espouse the first king or mogul who comes in our way. But isn't that Kerim yonder?

Selima. It is—at this hour he promised to meet me here—oh! let me fly to bid him farewell, and swear, that the sword, which ends *his* life, shall sever the thread of Selima's! farewell, kind Liska; oh! pray for Kerim, and for me! [*Erit, R. H.*]

Liska. Alas, poor girl! to be sure, they've the strangest notions about weddings in this fortress!—there's Selima going to be married, but must stop to see a man killed by the way; and as to my brother and his bride, they tell me, she held a knife to his throat at their very first meeting—well! for my part, I'm resolved to have a little civility at least, before marriage, for fear I shouldn't be able to meet with any after; and I'm quite prepared to fall desperately in love with the first young prince that offers, provided his breath is sweet, and his legs are not bandy.

SONG.

Fancy now shows me the phoenix of creatures,

Vowing—"my hand will his happiness make!"

His pleading eyes, they are fixed on my features,

Mine on the carpet, for modesty's sake.

Lud! how he sighs, while his wishes relating!

Mercy! what passion his glances display!—

But why don't he come then? I'm weary of waiting!

Ah! why does my monarch so long delay!

"Fairest!" says he, "at your feet see me lying!"—

"Rise, sir! oh fie, sir!" must be my reply.

"Oh! but," says he, "for your beauty I'm dying!"—

"Oh! but," says I, "I shall faint, if you die!"—

"Hear me!"—"I must not!"—"nay, show me
my fate in

These sparkling eyes!"—"oh! I fear they'd be-
tray ——"

But why don't he come then? I'm weary of waiting!

Ah! why does my monarch so long delay.

[Exit, R. H.]

Enter Oglou, L. H.

Oglou. She must have observed my signs!—yes; for she moves this way—she dismisses her attendants—and now she hastens hither. Lady——

Enter Zorilda, R. H.

Zoril. Oh! worthy Oglou, but a few moments are my own: let me use them to thank you for your secrecy, to implore your protection and your aid!

Oglou. Nay, in truth my secrecy had but a narrow escape! I was on the point of blabbing out every thing; for how could I expect in the person of Timour's bride to see Zorilda, the princess of Mingrelia?

Zoril. Or I to find in the usurper's father the kind, the grateful Oglou?

Oglou. But now, for heaven's love, princess, what brings you here?

Zoril. You know, that I am a mother; and yet you ask that question?

Oglou. You come, then ——

Zoril. To save my Agib, or perish in the attempt! Mingrelia burns to throw aside her chains: indignation, terror, vengeance, have united the neighbouring princes against this usurper: but

fears for Agib's life still kept our arms inactive, when Timour's ambassadors arrived at Teflis. The proud and generous Almeyda would instantly have spurned his insolent addresses; but I saw the advantage to be drawn from their acceptance, resolved to personate the princess, and under this disguise——

Oglou. But the ambassadors—your Tartar guards——

Zoril. None had ever seen Almeyda or myself, save Abdalec and Octar: the first is in my interests; the second, a prisoner in the dungeons of Teflis.

Oglou. And your hopes——

Zoril. Keep but my secret, and those hopes are certainties: Timour consents to delay our nuptials, till I shall be assured, that Agib has been delivered to the prince of Georgia. Now mark! this fortress is old and weak, and therefore was it named as the spot, where Timour should receive his bride: the usurper is off his guard; his troops are few, and a numerous band of chosen warriors near at hand wait but my summons to attack him. My boy once safe, easily can I escape to join them, and then falling on the tyrant by surprise——

Oglou. [*Shaking his head.*] Ay! ay! ay!

Zoril. You, good Oglou, shall be the partner of my flight, and every reward which gratitude ——

Oglou. Flight? reward? lady, what price would tempt you to forsake your son?

Zoril. Not thrones! not worlds!

Oglou. Then what price, think you, can bribe me to abandon mine?

Zoril. Oglou! a tyrant—a regicide——

Oglou. True, princess, true! but still—my son!

Zoril. But such a son—and can you then still love him!

Oglou. Still! ah! when can a father cease to love, and what guilt can exceed the measure of paternal patience? this tyrant, this regicide, is still

dear to me, dear as the air I breathe : his very vices chain me to him closer, and I feel that I love him the more, because being what he is, no one but myself can love him. Then, observe me, lady—I will be secret, I will even aid your escape ; but in return you must allow my son's : your Georgians must retire without drawing a single arrow. Fly with your child ; collect your troops ; if you can, regain your empire : and then if Timour should fall into your power, I'll kneel before your throne, and say—"Timour slew your husband, but his father's silence saved your son ; spare mine !"

Zoril. And I *will* spare him, good old man ; I swear it !

Oglou. I receive your oath ; I thank, and bless you ! [*Trumpets.*] hark ! you are summoned to the lists ! and see ! Bermeddin approaches. *Musie*

BERMEDDIN enters, L. H. 1st E. and informs ZORILDA, that she is waited for—she follows him, but returns to express her gratitude to OGLOU, and then goes off.

Oglou. [*Alone.*] Well ! friend Oglou, thou'rt getting into a rare hobble, that's the truth on't ! if ever my dear terrible son should learn, that I had a hand in this business ! the very thought gives me a creak in my neck. By this time, I suppose, I've the fortress to myself ; every soul will have gone to see the combat, and—ha ! mercy on me ! that horseman in such haste—he looks like—'tis he ! we're undone ! all's over ! is there no device—no loop-hole—by my head, I must venture ! it's desperate—but it must be risked. Thus at least I may save myself, and perhaps—oh lord ! oh lord ! how loose my head feels ! oh ! what a terrible thing it is to be father of a mighty hero. *Musie*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The lists—the circle is formed by balconies filled with spectators—on each side is a decorated throne—ZORILDA, TIMOUR and SELIMA arrive in a car of triumph, followed by BERMEDDIN, ABDALEC and Tartars—they descend—TIMOUR and ZORILDA occupy one throne, and SELIMA the other—AGIB's tower appears as in the first scene—a trumpet sounds, and is answered—the barriers are thrown open, and KERIM, L. H. 3d E. and SANBALLAT, R. H. 3d E. enter on horseback—they charge with lances—at length KERIM's horse takes part in the combat—seizes SANBALLAT and drags him to the ground—SANBALLAT rises, and attributes the victory solely to the horse—KERIM proposes to renew the combat on foot—the horses are led away, and the fight begins—KERIM falls, and loses his sword—his rival rushes to despatch him, when KERIM's horse leaps the barrier, prevents SANBALLAT from advancing, picks up the sword, and carries it to his master—SANBALLAT in fury stabs the horse, who falls, and expires—*

Zoril. Hold! hold! oh! coward!

KERIM's desire to avenge the faithful animal increases his strength—he disarms his rival, drags him to the horse, and sacrifices him on the body—during which all descend—SELIMA embraces KERIM—ZORILDA crowns him—but he takes off the wreath, breaks it, strews the flowers on the horse, and falls upon him, weeping—SELIMA hangs over them, greatly affected.

Oglou. [Without.] Give me way there! make way this instant!

Zoril. Oglou's voice!

Enter OGLOU, hastily, L. H. 3d E.

Oglou. Oh! my son!—oh! Timour!—I was right! I've found it all out!

Tim. Found out—

Zoril. [Anxiously.] What means——

Oglou. [*To Timour.*] This bride—this Georgian heiress —

Zoril. Oglou! Oglou!

Oglou. When I first saw her, you remarked that I started?

Tim. I did!

Oglou. I thought I recollected her—so I watched her—I examined—I sifted—I got it all out of her!—in short, 'tis your mortal foe! 'tis the Princess of Mingrelia! 'tis Zorilda!

Zoril. Ungrateful! perfidious!

Tim. Zorilda? Can it be?

Zoril. No, no! believe him not —

Oglou. Not believe me? what? hav'n't you gained the Georgian prince to your cause? hav'n't you planned Agib's escape? Isn't poor Octar shut up in a dungeon at Teflis? Not believe me? Oh! if Octar were but here, he'd soon make it clear, whether —

Octar. [*Without.*] Where is the prince?

[*On bridge, comes down.*]

Oglou. Why, that's his voice, as I live! was ever any thing so lucky!

OCTAR enters hastily, L. H. 3d E.

Tim. Speak, Octar, speak! the warrior princess—

Octar. Prince you are betrayed—even now I have escaped from a Georgian dungeon, to tell you —

Tim. One word, and I know all—know you this face?

Octar. For an impostor's! for Zorilda's!

Tim. Scarce can I believe my senses! bewildered—confused—rage, love, disappointment, all at once contend within my bosom!—her charms—yet to resign all hopes of Georgia's heiress—I must to solitude, and consult!—Bermeddin! guards! bear her to the fortress! away!

Zoril. [*Kneeling.*] Oh! hear me, Timour! show

but one spark of mercy! listen to the sobs of a breaking heart, of a distracted, desperate mother! you tower confines my boy: send me to a dungeon, send me to death; but till I die, let me share the prison of my child.

Tim. Slaves, obey me! [*They draw her towards the fortress.*]

Zoril. Barbarian! tyrant! my boy! my darling!—let my shrieks rend your dungeon walls! let my anguish, my despair —

Agib. [*Within.*] My mother! 'tis my mother!

Guards. [*Within.*] Detain him! seize him!

AGIB appears on the tower, pursued by two guards,
R. H. 2d E.

Zoril. [*Breaking from OCTAR and BERMEDDIN, and rushing forwards.*] 'Tis he! 'tis he himself!

Agib. [*Struggling, and holding by the battlements.*] Bless me, my mother! bless me, ere you go!

Zoril. [*Kneeling, and extending her arms towards AGIB.*] My child! my child!

Tim. Force her away!

Oglou. [*Protecting her from OCTAR and BERMEDDIN.*] Hurt her not! touch her not! oh, no, no, no!
[*A group—the curtain falls.*]

ACT II.

Curtain slow.

SCENE I.—*A splendid chamber, with large folding doors in the centre—on one side is an alcove with curtains drawn up in drapery by golden cords—on the other is a large window and balcony, to which the ascent is by a double flight of steps with a gilt balustrade—the window is open, and the moon is seen through it—numerous lamps are burning—vases with flowers, &c. are dispersed about the apartment—ZORILDA, with her hair dishevelled, is discovered on a pile of cushions—SELIMA stands near her, R. H. 2d wing.*

Selima. Dear lady, do not thus give way to grief; heaven knows, if I could give you comfort—

Zoril. There exists none for me; no comfort! no hope! Agib, Agib! shall I then never see thee more! His release seemed so near—success appeared so certain—oh! disappointment too bitter to be endured!—yet, deep as the arrow has pierced, 'tis Oglou's ingratitude which has poured most venom in the wound.

Selima. I cannot excuse him, lady; and yet his conduct appears so strange—he seemed to feel so much for you—for your son—

Zoril. Seemed! away with the traitor's seeming!

Selima. In short, lady, it's a vile wicked world, and there's no knowing whom to trust; that's the truth on't. But do not take on so piteously, for hope may still—

Zoril. Alas! kind Selima, you would fain give me comfort, but dangers like mine mock the attempt. A captive to my husband's murderer—to my deadly enemy—

Selima. Nay, there you wrong him, lady; he's not *your* enemy at least; for when Timour sent me hither to soothe you, he bade me tell you to be of good cheer, and said, there was happiness in store for you, of which you little dreamt.

Zoril. Ha!—indeed!—oh! thou hast raised a fear more dreadful than all others. When Timour first beheld me, I marked his flashing eyes—his burning cheeks—and now, alone—defenceless—away with that thought!—'tis horror!—'tis distraction!

Selima. Don't I hear—yes—hark, lady, some one is unlocking the door.

Zoril. By all my fears, Timour! it must be he!—*Selima*, dear, dear *Selima*!—leave me not, oh! leave me not!

Selima. Not if I can help it, lady; but, perhaps—ha! I protest, it's Oglou.

OGLOU enters, (centre,) closing the doors again cautiously.

Zoril. Oh! calm thee, my heart; thy fears were idle—now then, perfidious man; can you then endure to look upon —

Oglou. Hush, princess, hush! reserve your reproaches for a fitter time, since the present moments are precious—at the hazard of my life I come to save you!

Zoril. You?

Oglou. To save you—and to save your child.

Zoril. Blessed are those sounds, and blessed be the lips that breathe them!—yet can I believe—you, Oglou, you who betray my secret —

Oglou. And do you think that Octar would have kept it better? I knew he was at hand; knew that all must out; and hastened to make a merit with my sen of a discovery, which else would have been made without me. Thus did I preserve my own neck, my son's confidence, and the keys of the for-

tress ; and thus am I now enabled to unlock your prison doors.

Zoril. Oh ! worthy, faithful Oglou, how could I ever doubt your truth !

Oglou. Nay, I was obliged to make up my mind quickly !—even now I parted from my son—he loves you —

Zoril. He ? the insolent !

Oglou. He has resigned all views on the Georgian princess, has ordered the nuptial preparations to go on, and has sworn, that ere four-and-twenty hours elapse, you either shall become his bride, or see Agib's blood bedew the scaffold.

Zoril. Horror chills me !

Oglou. I heard him, and was decided. My danger is great in suffering you to go, but yours would be greater in staying ; and, after all, I know that my son loves me in his heart, and all that I have to dread is the first burst of his fury—however, come what, come may, princess, you shall away this very night.

Zoril. This night ? this instant !

Oglou. Hold ! not so fast !—your flight might be discovered—you might be pursued—overtaken—

Zoril. But what resource —

Oglou. I have found one. Even now. Abdalec, by my instructions, summons your Georgian warriors to this tower's foot ; their escort will secure your retreat unmolested, and at midnight your boy and yourself shall be delivered into their protection.

Zoril. At midnight ? oh ! how tedious will the hours seem till then !

Oglou. Why, truly, I was afraid of that ; and, therefore, to beguile the time, I brought with me—
[*he leads in AGIB, muffled in a cloak, centre.*]

Agib. [*Throwing off the cloak.*] Mother !—

Zoril. My child ! my blessing !—[*Embracing him.*]

Oglou. Now, then, to business—fair Selima, might we but count upon *your* assistance —

Selima. Oh! task my services to the utmost.

Oglou. Then, pr'ythee, away, and watch the chamber where Timour sits carousing with Octar and Bermeddin.

Selima. Willingly; and I go this instant. [*Exit.*

Oglou. And I'll away, to see that all's safe below—but forget not your promise, princess; your Georgians must respect this fortress; and the life of Timour —

Zoril. Shall be sacred as my own—as my Agib's.

Oglou. I'm satisfied—now, then, I'll leave you; but when the great bell announces midnight, expect my return, and be ready! [*Exit.*

Zoril. Thou best of friends, farewell!—My comfort! my delight! and do I then fold you to my heart once more? oh! heaven! a mother's pains are exquisite, but still more exquisite are a mother's pleasures!

Agib. And now shall I remain with you always, mother? will not the barbarians separate us again? oh! I have suffered so since we parted —

Zoril. And I! and I, my dear one;—alas! that wasted form—that hollow eye—oh! how has the blight of sorrow faded my lovely rose!—and yet—oh! heaven! and yet his father's living image!

Agib. Ay, mother, and it would have fared with me much worse, had not that kind Oglou—

Zoril. Was he so kind?—reward him, angels!

Agib. He comforted, he soothed me, he talked to me of *you*, mother. Nightly, while my guards slept, he unlocked my prison—and that, too, at the hazard of his life, for if Timour had known it—and yet Timour is his son; only think of that, mother!—ah! surely if *my* father had asked me for my life, I would have bared my breast, and kissed even in dying the hand with which he pierced it.

Zoril. My joy! my treasure!

Enter SELIMA, centre.

Selima. Oh! lady, lady!—Timour—he's coming hither, lady!

Zoril. Hither? now?

Selima. This instant!—he seems frantic with wine, and—hark! quick! quick! away with the prince!

Zoril. But where?

Selima. Yonder closet—*[The closet is near the couch, R. H. 3d E., and on the side opposite to the alcove, L. H. flat. Selima and Agib hasten to it.]*—alas! it's locked.

Zoril. Distraction!—fly, fly, my child! in yon alcove—*[The doors are thrown open]*—stop, you'll be seen —

Selima. Here, here! beneath these cushions—that cloak—*[They cover him with the cushions and cloak]*—He's here!—to the couch, and pretend to sleep, lady—*[ZORILDA leans on the cushions as if asleep, while SELIMA sits at her feet, and fans away the flies.]*

TIMOUR enters, (centre,) followed by BERMEDDIN with a torch.

Tim. How's this? the doors unlocked—unguarded—

Bermed. Mighty lord, no orders —

Tim. Careless slave, were orders needful? hence! summon the proper guards, and straight return with them. *[BERMEDDIN retires.]* Princess —

Selima. Hush, she sleeps! exhausted with weeping—

Tim. I must disturb her slumbers—princess, awake, arise!

Zoril. How now? whose daring voice —

Tim. His, who in this fortress dares do all! 'tis good you know it.

Zoril. Timour, this ill-timed visit—this wild demeanour —

Tim. I heed no hours; I laugh at forms; for here my will is law. Now learn that will, Zorilda; on your decision hangs my fate, and my nature brooks not delay. Zorilda, you came hither as my bride; for my bride was this chamber prepared; my bride you must become, or perish—nay, start not! the Tartar Timour cannot stoop to court your love, and if he *could* so stoop, he could not hope to gain it. I know well, that you abhor me; know well, too, that you have cause; but you have kindled a frantic passion in my breast, that will, and *shall* be satisfied. Frown on me still then; still wear that look of horror; hate me, if you will, but mine you *shall* be!

Zoril. Oh! monster!

Tim. I love you! love you with that madness—that desperation—love you, as Timour *ought* to love! you are my captive; I offer you my hand—

Zoril. Your hand? a hand stained with my husband's blood!

Tim. A hand which your refusal will crimson yet deeper with your son's.

Zoril. Barbarian! that to a mother?

Tim. If the mere sound thus shocks you, how will you bear the sight? Nay, 'tis decreed; the altars blaze; the priest is waiting; this night makes you mine, or—

Zoril. This night? oh! show some mercy, some compassion! grant me but till to-morrow—

Tim. This night, this night!

Zoril. But a few hours—but time for reflection.

Tim. For reflection? well, then, for once I'll yield; [*the bell strikes twelve* ;] and, hark; the fortress bell! it announces midnight.

Selima. [*Aside.*] The signal!

Zoril. Should Oglou — (*During the previous speeches, SELIMA has assisted AGIB to steal away from the couch, and conceal himself in the alcove, unobserved by TIMOUR and ZORILDA.*)

Tim. Now mark me! one hour shall be your

own; [*ZORILDA expresses great joy, aside*]*—see that you use it wisely: bend your stubborn mind to obey my will, and learn to value justly the glory of having vanquished Timour!—now then I leave you to your thoughts; and while they employ you, I'll throw me on yon couch, and by gazing on your charms —*

Zoril. [*Shrieking.*] Oh! hold! not there! not there! [*Detaining him.*]

Tim. What means this alarm? release me!

Zoril. You must not—shall not—I know not what I say! terror distracts me!

Tim. Ha! then yon couch conceals some mystery! some spy, some traitor lurks there!

Zoril. Oh, no, no, no—no spy—no traitor!

Tim. If thou say'st true, it's well for him and for thee; if false—thus I'm revenged.—[*Strikes his dagger through the cloak.*]

Zoril. [*With a cry of horror, and staggering back.*] Oh! monster!

Selima. [*Running to support her, and whispering.*] In the alcove. [*AGIB, from the alcove, kisses his hand to her.*]

Zoril. [*In rapture.*] Ha—then I live again.

Tim. What can this mean? there's no one—yet her alarm—answer, princess! that shriek—that terror. [*A tap at the door.*] By heaven, some one is at the door!

Zoril. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Oglou!

Oglou. [*Without.*] Come! come! 'tis I!

Tim. A man's voice!

Oglou. [*Without.*] All's ready!

Tim. Indeed? I'll see—

Selima. [*Going towards the door.*] Could I warn him—[*Aside.*]

Tim. [*Seizing her—she shrinks back, trembling.*] Stir not, or by heaven!—

OGLOU enters hastily, centre.

Oglou. Come, princess, come—come, little dear—[*he turns full upon Timour*]*—I'm a dead man!*

Tim. Oglou!—my father?—speak, father; what brings you here?

Oglou. I come—I come—

Tim. [*Impatiently.*] For what?

Oglou. To look for—

Tim. For whom?

Oglou. For—for—for—why, for *you*; whom should I look for?

Tim. For me? you sought for me? and what is ready?

Oglou. Ready?

Tim. You said, “all was ready.” Ready for what?

Oglou. For what? why for—for your nuptials, to be sure; and that was precisely what I came here to tell you.

Tim. You *came* in search of *me*—but you *called* the princess!

Oglou. Yes, to be sure, I did; why, you couldn’t be married by yourself, could you?

Tim. You called, also, “your little dear;” whom meant you by “little dear?”

Oglou. I meant—I didn’t mean *you* by that.

Tim. [*Stamping his foot.*] Whom *did* you mean?

Oglou. By “little dear?”—I meant—I meant by little dear—I meant Selima—I always call her “my little dear!” [*to Selima,*] little dear, don’t I?

Tim. And if you *did* mean Selima—if you really came to announce my nuptials—if you really *were* in search of *me*—why did you start and tremble at the sight of me?

Oglou. Why, because I always *do* start and tremble at the sight of you! when you look at me, my knees knock together; when you speak to me, my blood runs cold; and I never think of you without wondering how I could ever have courage enough to beget such a firebrand.

Tim. [*Aside.*] My mind misgives me—his mid-

night visit—Zorilda's alarm—for a moment, father, your pardon; but we must speak further ere we part.

Oglou. Oh, at your leisure. I know what's fitting; and you've always found me a very dutiful father, I'm sure. [*Aside.*] What's become of the boy?

Tim. Now, princess—[*To Selima, who is drawing near to Oglou.*—girl keep your place! no whispering.

Oglou. [*Aside.*] He must be still in the room?

Tim. Now to my question, princess. Yon couch—some mystery—

Zoril. Timour, I will be frank; there *was* a mystery, but it exists no longer. When you approached yon cushions, I feared for the life of an humble but faithful favourite. It was a dove, a carrier dove, which I had given my son long ago; which had been the partner of his prison; which had found his way to me, even here, and beneath whose wing was suspended a letter from my Agib. Judge how that gift endeared the bird; judge, when you drew near the couch, on which he had perched, how I trembled lest suddenly your weight should crush him. I grasped your arm, and my terrified dove took refuge in yon alcove.

Oglou. [*Aside.*] The alcove—'tis there then—[AGIB shows himself for a moment in an attitude of supplication.]

Tim. [*Aside.*] A dove? this may be true—yet hold! princess, confirm your story; if the dove did really bring a letter, produce it.

Zoril. [*Eagerly.*] That letter? Timour, 'tis here. [*She gives the letter which she received from OGLOU in the first act.*]

Oglou. [*Aside.*] The door is unguarded! no one observes us! come, come! [*Softly to AGIB, who steals from the alcove, and with Oglou approaches the door, L. H. flat. while TIMOUR opens the letter—at the moment they reach the doors, they are thrown*

open—AGIB retreats to the alcove, and OGLOU regains his former station.]

BERMEDDIN enters, with Tartars, (centre,) bearing torches.

Bermed. Prince, the guard—

Tim. 'Tis well. Station them near yon doors, and let no one pass without my orders. Retire!

[Exeunt BERMEDDIN and Tartars, centre.]

—Oglou. [Aside.] Nay, then, all's over with us.

Tim. [Examining the letter.] 'Tis his signet; her story then was true. Yet if this was all the mystery, wherefore, princess, not at first reveal it? you had obtained the letter; the dove had done his duty——

Zoril. Had done it but in part, Timour. His wing was still burthened with mystery; I feared lest it should fall into your hands, and I was silent, that he might have time to escape—through yon window.

—Oglou. [Aside.] The window? ha! perhaps the Georgians beneath it might—[He makes signs to SELIMA—she picks up the dagger which TIMOUR had thrown away in rage, and she cuts off a part of the cords, which support the drapery of the alcove—she gives it to AGIB—he steals softly across with it to OGLOU, who has mounted the staircase, and is now waving his scarf from the window.]

Zoril. While you spoke, marked you not my uneasiness? saw you not how anxiously I watched the entrance of the alcove? and when at length my little favourite appeared—when he approached the staircase—oh, how my heart beat, how I trembled, lest you should turn your head; and once, prince, you were on the very point of turning it, as now—but I interposed myself, as it might be thus—and drawing you round in this manner, I diverted your attention—I fixed it on myself, while thus I watched my favourite. He had past the balustrade; he entered the balcony—he rested on

the ledge—he paused for a moment—oh, that moment was dreadful. But when I saw him pass through the window—when at length he quite disappeared—oh, then I sank on my knees in an agony of rapture, and burst into a flood of grateful tears. [*During this speech, OGLOU fastens the cord to AGIB's girdle, and lowers him from the window, R. H. flat.*]

Tim. [*Amazed.*] Princess!—Zorilda! this strange agitation—this excess of joy —[AGIB, without, gives a loud shriek.]

Oglou. Heaven forgive me!

Zoril. [*Rising in terror.*] Speak!

Oglou. The cord has broken! [*Wringing his hands.*]

Zoril. How—and my child—I die!—[*Attempting in vain to reach the window, she sinks on the couch, R. H. flat.*—loud and joyful shout from without.]

Oglou. Hark!—a shout!—[*looking from the window*]—huzza, huzza, huzza! the Georgians have caught him! they raise him in their arms! he's safe, he's safe!—

Zoril. [*Starting from the couch.*] Safe, safe?—all merciful!—[*She folds her hands on her bosom, and remains motionless, with her eyes raised to heaven.*]

Tim. [*Looking from the window.*] The Georgians!—rage! distraction! vengeance!—Bermeddin, Octar!—[*Descending.*] I must myself give orders. [BERMEDDIN, and Tartars, enter with torches,—centre, TIMOUR grasps OGLOU by the arm, and says, in a tone of reproach,] Father, I loved you—I trusted you—you have betrayed me—remember that. [*To BERMEDDIN.*] Away!—

[*Exit with BERMEDDIN and Tartars.*]

Oglou. Remember it? you need not tell me to do that. How terrible he looked!—alas, alas! I hoped that nature—that duty—that the love he ever bore me—oh, what have I done! wretched

old man! oh, would to heaven that the boy had not escaped!

Zoril. [*As if awaking from a dream.*] Where am I?—ha!—[*Seeing OGLOU, she hastens to him, falls prostrate before him, and kisses his feet.*] Preserver of my child!

—*Oglou.* Princess! Zorilda!—that voice—those tears—now, praised be heaven, that the boy *has* escaped; suffer as I may, this moment overpays me! [*The scene shuts.*]

SCENE II.—A gallery—night alarm.

• *KERIM* enters, marshalling the Tartars, who, having received his orders, go off severally to man the walls—*SELIMA* enters, and detains *KERIM*, intreating him not to leave her—he represents that duty calls him away, takes an affectionate leave of her, and on *OCTAR*'s entering to chide his delay, he breaks from her arms, and goes off with *OCTAR*.
X —Enter *LISKA*.

Liska. Oh, Selima, Selima! what shall we do! what will become of us? the Georgians threaten to sack the fortress, and my frantic brother declares, that rather than yield the princess, he'll fire the place with his own hands.

Enter *BERMEDDIN*, L. H.

Selima. Oh! say, *Bermeddin*, what hopes —

Bermed. We are caught in a snare. Trusting for security to his Georgian alliance, and to the possession of Agib, Timour has lost himself. The fortress is weak, and ill-manned; the enemy's numbers treble ours; if the prince continues obstinate, ruin must overwhelm us.

Liska. But Zorilda's promise—my father's services —

Bermed. All are remembered; and the Georgian

chief proffers to withdraw his troops if Zorilda be set at liberty. At first Timour rejected the terms with scorn; but perhaps reflection has since made him judge more wisely. At this moment he summons the hostile chiefs to the southern tower, whither, by his orders, I must instantly conduct Zorilda—your pardon, lady. *[Exit R. H.—alarm.]*

Liska. Oh, mercy on me! those trumpets will be the death of me! I find I've no talent for playing the heroine; and if once the siege begins, I shall certainly die of fright in the very first onset.

Selima. Oh, Kerim, Kerim! wert thou but safe! wretched is the maid who loves a warrior.

Enter OGLOU, L. H.

Oglou. *[Speaking as he enters.]* Then be it so; ungrateful, cruel boy, I'll spare you the sight of a father's tears, and myself the sight of your vices! Come, Liska, come! we must away, girl; your brother spares our lives, but commands us from his presence; nay, he offers us wealth, but I'll none of his ill-gotten treasures. Come, then, my only child; the gates are open to us; the Georgians will not impede our passage; we'll kiss Zorilda's hand once more, and then—

Liska. E'en now Bermeddin leads her to the southern tower.

Oglou. How? and what purpose —

Liska. The Georgian chiefs are summoned thither: perhaps Timour will accept their terms.

Oglou. No, no, Liska; Timour is desperate; he meditates some dreadful act, which—oh! let me hasten myself to the tower; perhaps I may spare his soul the weight of another crime. Liska, bid your friend farewell; the rising sun must light us back to our cottage. *[Exit, L. H.]*

Liska. Indeed? so there's an end of all my visions of greatness!

Selima. And can the loss of those visions cost you, Liska, one sigh of regret? ah! believe me,

'tis only in the cottage that real happiness resides.
Desolate with snow, or terrible with fire, on the
haughty mountain's summit never yet did floweret
bloom; the rose and the violet are only found in
the lowly verdant valley.

DUO—SELIMA and LISKA.

Eagle wings the clouds impelling,
All with wonder see them move;
But the bird, who shares our dwelling,
Is the fond and gentle dove.

Suns, while pouring floods of splendour,
Blind us with oppressive light!
But the moonshine, mild and tender,
Long detains the lover's sight. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The fortress by moonlight—the whole of it is entirely surrounded by water, except a lofty tower on one side, with a terrace beneath, of which only one angle is visible—a variety of smaller towers and hanging terraces appear beyond—trumpet.*

ABDALEC, ORASMIN, and Georgians, are discovered
on R. H.

Oras. That trumpet demands a parley.

Abdal. And see! Timour himself appears.

Tim. [On the side tower.] Georgians, I summon you—but where is Agib? who would say, requires that he should hear it.

Abdal. [To a Georgian.] Inform the prince, and conduct him hither. Timour, you already know — [Exit Georgian.

Tim. Traitor! renegado! with a wretch like thee never will Timour deign to exchange one word!—Georgian chief, to you I speak. Your sovereign has deceived me; yet for once vengeance

shall yield to policy. Withdraw your troops; restore young Agib, and your prince shall still be suffered to reign: Timour will pardon him.

Oyas. Oh! pride unequalled! surrounded on all sides by our troops, or by the Caspian waves; completely in our toils, all hopes of flight debarred you —

Tim. Flight? Timour fly?—within there!

BERMEDDIN leads ZORILDA on the tower, and retires.

L. H. 3d E.

Tim. Georgians, look on this captive.

Abdal. Unmanly tyrant; if your own life be dear to you, dare not —

Tim. Life? learn how that bauble rates with him, who sees in it no worth but glory:—[*He claps his hands—the fortress is illuminated, and the towers, terraces, &c. are filled with Tartars bearing torches*]—look on yon torches; let me but strike my hands again, and the fortress shall be wrapt in flames; in flames, my grave, and Zorilda's.—[*The Georgians seem horror-struck, and in doubt what to do.*]—The boy, the boy! why comes he not? he must resume my chains, or hear the dying groan of his mother; he must submit to my mercy, or Zorilda shall find none.

Zoril. No, Georgians, no; fear not for me! wait not for my son's arrival; suffer not the tyrant to work upon his noble nature!

Tim. Ha, Zorilda, dare you —

Zoril. All, ~~all~~ my child is in safety. Then forward, brave Georgians! mount o'er the walls! —down with the gates! rescue me, if living; if dead, avenge me!

Tim. Insolent woman! proveke not my rage, or I swear —

Zoril. I scorn thy rage, defy it—no choice is left me but death's arms, or thine; and doubt you which I prefer? no, tyrant, no! here is my heart, pierce it, usurper!

Tim. Rage, fury!

Zoril. Pierce it, and hear my last groan cry to heaven for vengeance; vengeance on thee, murderer of my husband! thee, despoiler of my dear native land!

Tim. I can endure no more! die, sorceress, die!

OgLOU rushes in and arrests TIMOUR's arm, (on tower.)

Oglou. Hold, hold, my son! what would you do?

Tim. Old man, away, of my resentment——

Oglou. A woman, a helpless woman!

Tim. [Struggling.] You plead in vain.

Zoril. [Disengaging herself from TIMOUR's grasp.] This moment's mine—oh, let me fly—
[She springs from the tower upon the terrace beneath, and disappears.]

Tim. [Shaking off Oglou.] Release me, or I swear—fled—escaped—ha—traitress!—[He springs after her.]

Oglou. Oh! lend her your speed, ye lightnings!

The GEORGIAN re-enters.

Georgian. Room there, room for the prince.

Tim. [Within.] Vainly you fly.

Zoril. [Within.] Help, help me, heaven!

Oglou. Alack! alack! he gains upon her—and now—and now—

Zoril. [Rushing upon the furthest terrace through the portal.]—He comes! he comes!

Tim. [Pursuing her, and seizing her veil.] Thou'rt mine!

Zoril. I'm lost!

Tim. And thus—[raising his dagger]

Zoril. [Plunging from the terrace into the sea.]
My son! farewell for ever!

Tim. Ha! she sinks!—there let her perish.

Agib. [Entering on horseback, followed by Georgians, R. H.] Not while I live to save her. [He seizes a banner, leaps his horse over the parapet, and

disappears—the Georgians give a shout of admiration, and all rush towards the water.]

Oglou. Oh, gallant youth! oh! generous daring!—and see! she rises—she struggles!—he's near her—he extends the banner—she has missed it! she has missed it! now—now again—huzza! huzza! huzza! she has it! she grasps it! and see, see, see! her arms are round the neck of her son! [*The horse rises out of the water, bearing AGIB and ZORILDA.*]

[*The Tartars sally from the fortress, and endeavour to retake the princess—the Georgians come to her assistance—a general engagement takes place, in which TIMOUR is overthrown—but ZORILDA spares his life, at the intercession of AGIB and OGLU—the Georgians form a group round their sovereign, while OGLU expresses his joy, and TIMOUR his desperation.*]

CHORUS OF GEORGIANS.

Praise to high heaven!—each heart with rapture burns!

That life the mother gave, the son returns.

Praise to high heaven!

THE END.

